

to dwell in the blood

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to dwell in the blood

by [romanticallyinept](#)

Summary

Raylan opens his mouth, but when he tries to speak, nothing comes out. He doesn't know what to say. He doesn't know how to explain. He's been so focused on keeping it a secret, on *not* saying anything about it that now, when faced with having to talk about it, he doesn't know what to do.

“My dick's gone,” he blurts after a moment, and then immediately feels heat rise to his cheeks as Boyd continues to just stare at him in – albeit patient – confusion.

Notes

Whumptober prompt #03: fingerprints

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

A month before his nineteenth birthday, Raylan wakes up... different.

He registers the feeling as soon as he opens his eyes, like an itch that's settled somewhere under his skin. In those first moments after waking, half-aware and groggy, he tries to pinpoint what's making him feel *wrong*, but he can't. It's like it's right there on the tip of his tongue, like it's just out of reach, and he can't quite make that final leap.

It's not until he drags himself into the bathroom to take a piss that he realizes exactly what has changed overnight.

"Jesus *fuck*," he hisses under his breath, shoving his fly closed, like hiding what's beneath his boxers from view will change the fact that it's there at all. He's fairly certain – no, for fuck's sake, he's *positive* – that when he went to bed the night before, he'd had a dick. He knows this because he'd thought about jerking off, and instead he'd rocked his hips lazily against the mattress a handful of times before exhaustion had overtaken him and he'd fallen asleep.

And now his dick is gone.

Use it or lose it, he thinks, nonsensically, and he has to clap a hand over his own mouth to stop himself from laughing. Or sobbing, maybe. He's not sure which.

It takes him ten minutes to talk himself into finally taking a piss, and another ten to work up the nerve to get himself into the shower, where he pointedly avoids touching anything below his waist. It's only after he starts dressing – after he pulls on underwear and jeans and definitively hides that part of himself that's *different* – that he's able to do something other than repeat *what the fuck* in his head over and over.

He settles on the edge of his bed and forces himself to think. He knows he's not the only person this has ever happened to. His brain helpfully conjures up disjointed memories from a sophomore history class: a handful of notable names, the technical term for the phenomenon (spontaneous sex alteration, according to Mr. Calloway), and Dickie Bennett whisper-shouting "*more like spontaneous pussification*."

Raylan had laughed then. He isn't laughing now.

The facts he can dredge up are... limited, to say the least. He knows it's rare. He knows it's permanent. And he knows, more surely than anything he learned in school, that this is only going to add to the list of things that Arlo finds disappointing about him.

So he doesn't say anything.

Not to Arlo, of course. He can't imagine any scenario where he'd want to divulge something like this to his father. But he doesn't tell Helen, either. He doesn't think she'll hate him for it, but he doesn't want to give her yet another thing to worry about, not when there's nothing she can do about it.

The only other person he'd ever tell about anything important is Boyd. Boyd knows him better than Arlo and Helen combined, and as a result, he knows better than both of them

when Raylan is lying. He'll ferret it out too easily if Raylan tries. So he just avoids Boyd as much as he can. He can't do anything about the time they spend down in the mines together, but Boyd knows better than to try to talk about anything personal, anything about *them*, around other people. Raylan just does his best to make it impossible for them to talk alone, offering up flimsy excuses when Boyd asks if he's busy, ignoring the way his face falls every time Raylan turns him down.

They've been... doing whatever it is they're doing for a few months now. It's a lot of kissing, mostly in the bed of Boyd's truck, tucked away out far enough in the holler that no one will accidentally stumble across them. But for the past few weeks, it's also been more than that: Boyd settling between his thighs and rocking them together; his fingers slipping inside Raylan's jeans and jerking him off with quick, frantic movements, moaning when Raylan spills over his hand.

And if Boyd were to try that now...

No. No, that's not an option.

It's not easy, but Raylan manages. He keeps his distance from Boyd, and he doesn't say anything to Arlo and Helen, and maybe he doesn't sleep all that well at night, either, the feeling that his body is *different* unsettling him enough that sleep just... doesn't come. But it's fine. He's managing.

It's not until he starts bleeding that he really panics.

On the Sunday two weeks after he... *spontaneously altered*, Raylan wakes up with a pain in his gut and an uncomfortable, sticky feeling between his thighs. For a moment, he's just confused – and then, as the realization dawns on him, he's fucking *terrified*.

He scrambles out of bed, wincing when he sees the bright red stain on his sheets. "Fuck," he mutters under his breath. Then, just a fraction of a breath louder, "*Fuck.*"

His hands shake as he strips the bed, grateful for the first time in his life that Arlo never let him take the protective plastic off his mattress. It's safe. The sheets, though... there's no hiding the blood, no passing it off as anything else. Raylan grabs the backpack he hasn't used in a year out of the back of his closet and stuffs the sheets blindly into it. He'll find a way to deal with them later, somehow.

It's easier, at least, to get himself clean. And as he stands there, waiting for the water swirling down the drain to run clear, he tries his damndest to think of what to do.

By the time the water goes cold, he's only come up with one thing.

Boyd would know what to do.

Raylan's about 90% confident that's true. He doesn't think he's ever seen Boyd at a loss when faced with a problem, or even ever hesitant about what to do next. And this is,

admittedly, a bit more of a curveball than either of them are used to, but if anyone will be able to help, it's Boyd.

And Raylan will just have to hope Boyd still wants to be... well, that he'll still want to be *anything* to Raylan afterwards.

He drives out to their spot. It's not a guarantee Boyd will be there – he said something as they were leaving work on Friday about maybe seeing Raylan over the weekend, and at the time Raylan had brushed him off without even looking at him, but now he's hoping against hope that Boyd will actually be there waiting for him.

When he pulls into the little copse of trees that has become *their* little copse of trees, he sees Boyd's truck first – and then, a moment later, he sees Boyd himself, lounging in the bed of the truck with a book open on his knees. Raylan's never been so grateful to see someone in his whole damn life, and from the way Boyd all but jumps to his feet when he sees Raylan in turn, it seems like that sentiment is shared.

Raylan slides out of his truck as Boyd half-jogs over, letting out a surprised huff of breath when Boyd all but drags him into a hug. There's not an ounce of hesitation on Boyd's part – he snakes his arms around Raylan's waist and clings to him, burying his face in the crook of Raylan's neck and tangling his fingers in the back of Raylan's shirt.

For a moment, the two of them just stand there clutching at each other, and the longer the hug goes on, the less Raylan wants to pull away. It's stupid, maybe, that it took having Boyd's arms back around him to make him realize he's been missing this, but now that he has it again, he's not keen to give it up.

Boyd's the one who ends up pulling back, and the loss of him is enough to make a truly pathetic sound escape Raylan's throat. Boyd just looks at him, confusion marring his features. "Raylan," he begins, "what's—"

"Arlo's going to fucking kill me," Raylan interrupts, and it's not until the words are out of his mouth that he realizes that's truly what he's worried about, above all else. *Arlo*. Boyd's eyebrows knit together as he steps in close again, one hand coming up to gently touch Raylan's arm.

"What happened?"

Raylan opens his mouth, but when he tries to speak, nothing comes out. He doesn't know what to say. He doesn't know how to explain. He's been so focused on keeping it a secret, on *not* saying anything about it that now, when faced with having to talk about it, he doesn't know what to do.

"My dick's gone," he blurts after a moment, and then immediately feels heat rise to his cheeks as Boyd continues to just stare at him in – albeit patient – confusion. "I... shit, Boyd. We learned about it in school. Spontaneous, er—"

"Spontaneous sex alteration," Boyd finishes, because of course he can pull that shit out of his head without having to think about it. Not for the first time, Raylan thinks that Boyd and his

brain are wasted on Harlan. Then Boyd's eyes widen just a little, like he's only just now understanding what Raylan told him. "Wait, really? You don't...?"

"Really," Raylan hisses. "You think I'd fucking joke about this?"

Boyd raises his hands defensively. "All right, all right. I just—" He shakes his head, sighing, but the pause does nothing to prepare Raylan for the next thing that comes out of Boyd's mouth. "Is this why you haven't let me touch you for the past two weeks?"

Raylan blinks, shoving down the guilt that suddenly threatens to choke him. "Yeah," he says, though he can't quite manage to keep the rough, apologetic note out of his voice. "I... I didn't fucking know how to tell you. But now I don't know what to do. I woke up this morning and I... it..." He scrubs a hand over his face, groaning in frustration. "*Fuck.*"

"Raylan," Boyd says gently. "Baby, breathe."

Raylan sucks in a breath reflexively (not *obediently*, not because Boyd told him to), and tries to ignore how shaky he feels when he lets it out. "I'm fine," he says, mostly because he wants it to be true. "I'm *fine*."

"Okay," Boyd murmurs, but his voice is warm now. Amused. Raylan glares. "What happened?"

"Fucking..." Raylan sighs. "I'm on the rag, Boyd."

"Oh." Boyd blinks, and despite his mortification, Raylan feels a little gratified at being able to render Boyd Crowder speechless. "Oh. You're..." Boyd's gaze flicks down to Raylan's pants, and then, when he doesn't see whatever he was looking for, he slides it back up to Raylan's face. "So you need—"

"Help," Raylan finishes. "I have to get the blood out of my sheets and put them back on my bed, or Helen's gonna notice. And I have to figure out how to fucking... *contain* it, 'cause we have to work in the morning. And I really need to get something for these goddamn cramps because—"

"Okay," Boyd says, but it's the way he reaches up to gently grasp Raylan's face in his hands that makes Raylan's words trail off. "Okay. We'll figure it out, Raylan. I promise."

The tears that spring to Raylan's eyes are unbidden and unexpected. He blinks them away as he nods, trying to force himself to calm down. Trying to make himself *believe* Boyd. "Okay," he says. "How?"

Boyd's solution involves driving a county over and booking a motel room for the night.

He goes in first to pay, and Raylan is forced to wait for an excruciating ten minutes while Boyd secures the key and gets inside. Just in case anyone is watching, in case there's anyone around who could report back to Arlo that Raylan had been seen going into a motel room with Boyd Crowder. Only then can he get out of the truck and follow Boyd inside the room.

The door's unlocked, but after he steps inside he locks it behind him, looking around the depressingly barren room for Boyd. "In here," Boyd calls from the bathroom, before Raylan can decide on doing the same thing. His voice is barely audible above what Raylan identifies belatedly as the sound of running water. Hesitantly, he follows the sound of Boyd's voice, pausing in the doorway of the bathroom when he rounds the tight corner.

"A bath?"

"Yeah," Boyd says, straightening from where he's bent over the tub. He flicks bubbles from his hands, and Raylan realizes that it's not just a bath: it's a *bubble* bath. A tiny bottle of the cheap shampoo provided by the motel sits, half empty, on the lip of the tub. "I'd make you shower, but you look dead on your feet. Like you haven't been sleeping."

"I haven't," Raylan mutters. He shifts uncomfortably, grimacing at the sticky, wet feeling in his underwear. "Why bubbles?"

Boyd sighs, an aggravated, longsuffering sound that's so utterly *him* that Raylan's chest aches with it. "Go on." Boyd nods towards the bath. "Get in. It'll help, Raylan, I promise."

Raylan eyes the bubbly water, and then Boyd, with equal amounts of uncertainty. "You're going to stay?"

"You got a problem with that?"

Boyd's voice is almost *challenging*, and Raylan has to look away, because his first instinct is to snap right back and he just doesn't have the fucking energy to fight. "Boyd," he says quietly, a little helplessly, "I've never seen you look twice at a girl. I don't..." He takes a breath, reaching up to scrub a hand across his face. "I won't blame you, if you don't want anything to do with me like this."

Boyd sighs again, and when Raylan risks a glance up, Boyd is looking at him with... with something in his expression that Raylan can't put a name to. "You're right," Boyd says. "I've never wanted a girl."

Raylan winces, but Boyd isn't done. He takes a step forward, reaching up to gently cup Raylan's cheek with his palm. "The only person I've ever wanted is you, Raylan," he murmurs, and Raylan feels a twist of guilt low in his stomach – which only lasts for a moment because, abruptly, Boyd shoves him with his other hand. "And I still want you, asshole."

Before Raylan can do much more than make a soft, surprised little sound, Boyd is kissing him, his fingers fisting in Raylan's shirt. He pulls Raylan closer with the desperation that Raylan's come to associate with the feeling of Boyd's hands on him, kisses him like he's never going to get the chance again. And it's familiar enough – the *only* fucking familiar thing about the past two weeks – that Raylan relaxes despite himself, leaning into the kiss. That, at least, feels the same, right up until heat begins to pool between Raylan's thighs, making him jerk back, flushing as he rubs the back of his neck.

“I’ll uh. Yeah.” Unsure of what else to do, Raylan tugs his shirt over his head. “I’ll get in the bath.”

He doesn’t look at Boyd as he strips down, though when he hesitates with his bloody underwear in hand, Boyd’s the one who takes them from him, tossing them into a pile with his sheets – and then, after a moment of consideration, adding his jeans to the pile too. “Don’t worry about it,” he says, when Raylan opens his mouth. “I’ll take care of it.”

Raylan pauses with one foot inside the bath. “How?”

Another one of those deep, resigned sighs. Raylan wants to bask in it. “Raylan,” Boyd says, his tone registering as the *you’re being a fucking idiot* one Raylan is intimately familiar with. “Just get in the damn bath.”

Raylan gets in the damn bath. And, admittedly, it’s nice. The water is just on the right side of too hot, and while his legs are too long to stretch out properly, he’s able to sink down until his chin touches the bubbles, so long as he doesn’t mind his knees sticking out.

He closes his eyes, and for what feels like the first time in two weeks, he actually relaxes.

There’s a moment of silence, and then Boyd leans down, brushing a kiss over Raylan’s hair. “I’ll be back,” he promises. “Gotta run to the store, get a few things. You just stay put until I get back, okay? Add more hot water if it gets cold.”

Raylan hums, dragging his eyes open and looking up at Boyd. “kay,” he murmurs, and Boyd laughs at him quietly before ducking out of the bathroom.

Raylan’s not sure how long he stays there after Boyd leaves. Boyd was right about the heat – it helps, and Raylan doesn’t fall asleep, exactly, but he dozes, his head resting against the lip of the tub. By the time the water starts to cool down, he actually feels how tired he’s become, so instead of adding more hot water, he drains the tub and makes himself rinse off the lingering bubbles under the shower before stepping out and wrapping a towel around his waist.

He grimaces as he eyes the pile of stained fabric in the corner, before pointedly averting his gaze and drying himself off. And then, before he can think too much about it, he grabs the other towel off the rack and makes his way out of the bathroom. With one easy motion, he flips the blankets off the bed and lays the towels out on the mattress, one on top of the other, before finally flopping down onto the bed.

By the time Boyd returns, the sun has started to set, and Raylan is bored out of his mind.

Boyd opens the door, bags from the grocery store in his hands, and when he looks up to see Raylan sprawled on the bed, naked, he almost trips over himself in his hurry to get inside and close the door behind him.

“I thought I told you to stay in the bath,” he grouses, but Raylan doesn’t miss the way his eyes linger on his body, looking for a beat or two longer than feels absolutely necessary. Raylan has to resist the urge to draw the covers up over himself.

“I got bored.” He nods at the bags. “What’s that?”

“Things,” Boyd replies helpfully, throwing Raylan a wink before making his way into the bathroom. From his vantage spot on the bed, Raylan can see him fairly clearly, and he frowns when Boyd starts the bath going again.

“Boyd,” he whines, “I don’t want—”

“It ain’t for you, Raylan,” Boyd calls. He crouches down to grab something out of one of the grocery bags – baking soda, though it takes Raylan a moment to identify the orange box – and sets it on the counter before picking up the whole bundle of stained clothes and sheets and throwing it in the tub.

“How do you know how to do that?”

Raylan doesn’t mean for it to come out as accusing as it does, but Boyd, thankfully, doesn’t take offense. “I swung by Audrey’s,” he says, and as Raylan watches, a blush rises along the back of Boyd’s neck. “Bought some time with one of the girls, just to ask about some things.”

“Some things?”

The blush deepens, and Boyd clears his throat. “How to get blood out of your sheets, obviously.” Boyd keeps his gaze fixed firmly on the filling tub. “And what to do to stop you from bloodying up more sheets. And how to help with the cramps.”

At the reminder that this is going to *last*, that he isn’t ever going to wake up in the morning and be back to normal, Raylan has to force himself to keep breathing, to not linger on the thought. “What’d she say?”

Boyd gestures blindly at the grocery bags sitting just outside the door. “There’s things you can put in your underwear to soak up the blood. There’s instructions on the box, I checked.”

“You bought that shit? From who?”

Boyd huffs a breath. “Believe it or not, Raylan, I am smarter than that. Maggie – the girl at Audrey’s – she gave me what she had.”

Raylan shifts uncomfortably. He can feel the blood between his legs, slick and hot, and he hasn’t even been out of the bath that long. “And the cramps?”

Boyd finally turns, grabbing a hand towel off the counter as he says, quickly, “Advil and heat.” Then, as he makes his way out of the bathroom, he adds, “And orgasms.”

Now it’s Raylan’s turn to blush. He looks away as his cheeks heat, deliberately not thinking about the last option Boyd offered up. “Did—” he begins, wincing when his voice cracks. “Did you get Advil at the store?”

Boyd’s tongue flicks out, wetting his bottom lip, and the hot feeling between Raylan’s thighs gets worse. He wants to bite Boyd’s lip, wants to suck it into his mouth and hear the low,

needy sound Boyd will make when he does it – Raylan *wants*, and he can't decide if being horny is making things better or worse.

"It's in the bag," Boyd says. "Hold on."

He ducks down, digging around in the bag for a moment before procuring a bottle. He tosses it to Raylan, who almost fumbles it instead of catching it. "Thanks," Raylan mumbles, twisting open the top and peeling off the foil. He dumps a few of the pills into his hand and then throws them back, dry, grimacing as he swallows.

He sets the bottle on the bedside table, looking once at Boyd before averting his eyes. "Thanks," he says again, with a little more conviction behind his voice.

"And is that all you want, Raylan?"

Boyd's voice is lower, deeper. When Raylan looks up, he sees Boyd watching him, his eyes dark. And Raylan... Raylan doesn't know how to answer that. Of course he wants more. He wants Boyd close, wants the familiarity of Boyd's weight on top of him, his mouth against Raylan's own. He wants Boyd to touch him, but despite Boyd's assurances, Raylan's not sure it'll *work*, because what's in his pants isn't what Boyd is used to. Forget what Raylan wants; it isn't what *Boyd* wants.

Never mind the fucking blood.

When Raylan doesn't answer, Boyd goes over to the bed, hesitating for only a moment before climbing onto it. He doesn't move to lay down next to Raylan, though. Instead, he crawls between Raylan's legs, settling there on his knees and letting his hands trail idly along Raylan's bare thighs. Heat pulses between Raylan's legs at the touch, and he has to resist the urge to squirm – though he's not sure if he wants to squirm away from Boyd's touch or into it.

"Boyd," Raylan begins, and Boyd looks up to meet Raylan's eyes.

"I asked Maggie how to do it," he says, almost desperately, like he's trying to convince Raylan to give him something. Like this is for *Boyd*. "It's easy. Not as easy as it was, but it's just..." He makes a beckoning gesture with two of his fingers – and then, hesitating, he flashes Raylan a grin. "Might be easier for me to use my mouth this way, too."

Something coils tight in Raylan's belly, and he feels himself get wetter. Unconsciously, he spreads his legs a little wider, and Boyd takes that as the permission it so clearly is. He all but scrambles to lay down, propping himself up on his elbows and flicking his eyes up to Raylan before dropping them down again.

When he reaches out, that first touch is soft, almost reverent, the pads of his fingers ever so gently spreading Raylan open. Boyd exhales, and Raylan feels the warmth of his breath *there*, making him shiver. Anticipation has the muscles in his thighs tensing, has his own breath catching in his throat. He laughs, almost nervously, vaguely remembering how he'd made a similar sound the first time Boyd had stuck his hand in his pants.

“You really don’t have to—”

“Raylan,” Boyd interrupts. His eyes are a little wild when he looks up from between Raylan’s thighs. “If you don’t let me put my mouth on you in the next ten seconds, I’m going to lose my goddamn mind.”

Raylan shudders under the weight of Boyd’s gaze, of his words. He licks his lips, his chest heaving, even though all he’s doing is laying there. “You really want to?”

Boyd turns his head, brushing his lips over the inside of one of Raylan’s thighs. “*Please*,” he murmurs, his voice low and rough, and the place between Raylan’s legs throbs.

“Yeah,” Raylan croaks. “Yeah, fuck, all right.”

Boyd doesn’t wait for him to change his mind. He licks up the length of Raylan’s... fuck, his *cunt*, a slow, hot drag of his tongue. Sensation lights up Raylan’s spine, and he has the sudden urge to press his thighs together, not to hide, but to get some pressure where he suddenly needs it, something more than the tease of Boyd’s tongue.

“Oh, fuck,” he breathes. He falls back against the pillows, reaching up to push his fingers into his own hair as Boyd does it again. This time, he flicks his tongue when he reaches the apex of Raylan’s thighs, and pleasure shoots up Raylan’s spine, sudden and unexpected. “Oh *fuck*,” he repeats, and then Boyd presses his mouth *there*, where Raylan can almost feel his dick like a phantom fucking limb, and *sucks*.

The noise that escapes Raylan is high and whiny, a sound he’d be embarrassed about if he had any space left in his brain for embarrassment. The feeling of Boyd’s mouth against him, the pleasure that sparks inside him at every movement of his tongue, his lips – that’s all he can think about. That’s all he has room left to feel.

Boyd pulls back a little, breathing even harder than Raylan is, and there’s a smear of blood on his chin that Raylan’s eyes are drawn to, like a moth to a flame. “This okay?”

In response, Raylan reaches out, sinking the fingers of his right hand into Boyd’s hair and tugging, just hard enough to be demanding. “Don’t stop,” he says. “Boyd, *please* don’t stop.”

Boyd grins crookedly, and then he’s ducking back down, returning his mouth and tongue to where Raylan aches. His fingers tighten in Boyd’s hair until Boyd groans brokenly, panting against Raylan’s cunt. “I’ve got you,” he murmurs, and his voice is *wrecked*, low and desperate, all sex and need and eagerness.

When Boyd’s finger slides inside him, Raylan’s thighs quake, the feeling foreign and perfect all at the same time. Raylan wants more. He thinks of how another finger’s worth of fullness might feel – how more than that might feel – and when Boyd’s mouth returns to his clit, when his finger curls ever so slightly, Raylan comes with a sob.

It’s different than it was before, but it’s *good*. It’s like falling over an edge, like how it felt to sink into the bath earlier, only a thousand times more. And it goes on, and on, until Boyd finally leans back to breathe and allows the pleasure to recede.

As he comes back to himself, comes back to awareness, Raylan realizes Boyd's finger – no, *fingers*, he can feel the stretch now – are still inside him. Boyd is kissing along Raylan's inner thigh, the drag of his mouth so wet and sticky and obscene that it sends a shiver up Raylan's spine.

"*Boyd*," he whispers, but all Boyd does is curl his fingers again, and almost immediately, that tension begins to gather in Raylan's body for a second time. A ragged breath escapes from him, and then Boyd fucks his fingers into him deliberately. The pleasure is sharper this time, pointed and intense, less of a slow, lazy build and more of a deadly spiral.

Boyd makes him come again, just like that, with his teeth nipping a mark onto Raylan's thigh and his fingers pressing against a spot inside of him that makes him see stars. He barely gives Raylan time to ride it out before his lips return to his aching clit and he sucks, *hard*. Raylan's back arches up off the bed, his fingers fisting in Boyd's hair again in a vain attempt to pull him closer, to get even more.

Boyd's fingers slip out of him, only to curl around his hips and tug him down the bed. He adjusts, nuzzling against the crease of Raylan's thigh for a moment, and when his tongue slips inside, it feels so good that Raylan shouts. His third climax is shorter, softer, but it's the one that leaves him shaking, his thighs quaking around Boyd's ears, his hand trembling as he forces himself to release Boyd's hair.

"*Enough*," he croaks. "That's enough, Boyd, *Christ*."

When Boyd finally raises his head, his lips are bloody and wet. The sight sends a jolt right to Raylan's core, makes him press his thighs together, even though the little bit of pressure he gets from that is almost too much. "Better?" Boyd asks, and Raylan blinks at him wordlessly.

"Yeah," he manages eventually, his voice coming out sex-rough and utterly wrecked. "*Fuck*. Yeah, that's better."

Boyd smiles, and, finally, he reaches up, wiping the back of his hand across his mouth. All it does is smear the blood and slick there, though, making even more of a mess. "I'm gonna go get something to clean up with," Boyd says, his gaze flicking down briefly. "Don't move."

When Raylan looks down, following Boyd's gaze, he sees the mess between his thighs. They're bloody and slick, and there are red fingerprints left on his hips from Boyd's demanding hands. Almost reverently, he reaches down to touch one of them, smearing the blood when his fingertips settle over the prints.

He hears the shuddery breath Boyd takes, and, belatedly, Raylan realizes Boyd is hard, straining at the zipper of his jeans. Raylan winces in sympathy. "Are you gonna take care of that?"

Boyd looks up, and it fucks something up in Raylan's head, seeing the blush stain his cheeks under the stain of Raylan's blood. "This was for you," he says, reaching up to rub the back of his neck. He gets blood there, too, and it seems like it's Raylan's turn to feel like he's going to lose his goddamn mind. "I can wait."

Raylan rolls his eyes. “Come on,” he says, stretching a little deliberately. He spreads his legs and lets his hand snake down between his thighs. Boyd follows its path with his eyes, his lips parting around a silent sigh when Raylan tentatively rubs the pads of his fingers over his clit.

It doesn’t feel as good as Boyd’s mouth had, as his fingers had, but the gentle friction is good enough. Raylan squirms, settling. “Come on,” he repeats, and flicks his gaze pointedly to the bulge in Boyd’s pants. “I wanna watch.”

Boyd makes a guttural, pained noise, and then he’s scrabbling at his jeans, popping the button and tugging down the zipper. When he takes his cock out, Raylan feels the ache between his thighs like it’s his own – the head of Boyd’s cock is nearly purple, shiny with precome, and Raylan knows Boyd’s been feeling it for a while.

And yet, he’d happily focused all his attention on Raylan.

Boyd strokes himself once, and that’s enough to make him shake, to make that same pained noise fall from his lips. Before he can touch himself again, though, Raylan sits up, batting Boyd’s fingers away and wrapping his own fingers around Boyd’s aching length. Boyd trembles bodily, and his cock spurts precome over Raylan’s knuckles.

“Raylan,” Boyd chokes out. His hips jerk forward, fucking into Raylan’s fist. “Raylan, *please*, let me—”

“Baby,” Raylan murmurs, flicking his thumb over the head of Boyd’s cock in a way that might be a little mean. Boyd trembles again, like something restrained, and *yes*, Raylan decides, yes, he’s going to let Boyd fuck him like this, because he wants to feel that inside him. “Go ahead,” he says, just as gently. He tightens his grip, just a hair. “You can come.”

Boyd barely waits for the words to leave Raylan’s mouth before he’s obeying, coming hard, each hot pulse splattering over Raylan’s chest and stomach. Boyd shudders as Raylan strokes him through it, murmuring gentle praise, until the soft sounds coming from Boyd’s mouth become sharp and overstimulated.

“Good?” Raylan asks, smiling when all Boyd does is huff a laugh.

“Good,” Boyd says. “*Now* will you let me get something to clean up with?”

Raylan sighs loudly, but he releases Boyd’s softening cock and flops back against the bed. The cramps aren’t gone, he realizes belatedly, but between the Advil and the orgasms, they’ve dulled from a stabbing pain to a quiet ache that’s easier to ignore.

As he closes his eyes, he hears the water running in the bathroom sink. A breath or two later, the mattress dips, and a warm, wet cloth swipes over his stomach, cleaning Boyd’s come from his skin. When the gentle motions cease, Raylan cracks one eye open and finds Boyd staring at the bloody fingerprints decorating his hips.

“You can’t leave them,” Raylan says, closing his eyes again. And he can’t see Boyd’s face, but he can hear the little huff of annoyance that immediately precedes the washcloth rubbing

over the dried blood on his skin – and then, a few moments later, between his thighs, cleaning up the mess of blood and slick.

Boyd levers himself out of bed when he's done, throwing the washcloth in the bathtub with everything else. When he finally crawls back into bed, Raylan's grateful when Boyd doesn't hesitate to touch him, to wrap his arms around Raylan and pull him in close.

Maybe it's the low light and the way Raylan can pretend that Boyd's not there at all, but Raylan finds himself blurting, "It'd be easier for you to fuck me like this." Even in the darkness, it's impossible to miss the way Boyd goes tense, like every muscle in his body was suddenly called to attention.

"Yeah?" Boyd whispers. "You want that, Raylan?"

Raylan thinks about the stretch of two of Boyd's fingers and finds himself nodding before he can stop himself. "Yeah. Yeah, I think I do."

Boyd kisses him, then, and even though he rinsed his mouth out, Raylan can still taste an unfamiliar tang, metallic blood and... something else. *Him*, he realizes, squeezing his thighs together at the thought. *Christ*. Boyd is going to be the death of him.

They part a few moments later, and Raylan scoots himself closer. *This*, at least, is familiar. He knows the feeling of Boyd's body pressed up against his own, the warmth of him, the way his breaths get slower and shallower the closer he gets to sleep.

There's silence for a moment, warm and comfortable, and then Boyd sucks in a sharp breath.

"Does this mean I could knock you up?" he asks, and Raylan smacks him with a pillow to hide the fact that his cheeks are flaming.

End Notes

petulantly inflicting cramps upon Raylan because at least he's pretty when he suffers

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